

The Life of a Tree in Kolima

Story: The Life of a Tree in Kolima

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Summary: A very short fic about the POV of the person in front of Kolima when everyone's still a tree. I was reading all the m!inds of the people and I couldn't help but write this fic afterwards. Enjoy!

***Chapter 1*: The Life of a Tree in Kolima**

The Life of a Tree in Kolima

By: Amethyst Tellemmand

Disclaimer: I only own a cartridge of the game *Golden Sun*.

I do not own the company, nor do I own Isaac or Ivan or Garet (though Isaac and Ivan I wish I did... sigh... they're so kawaii...) But I do own this fic idea! ^_ ^

So, I'm sitting here, at the entrance of Kolima village, doing out my job for the day... what's my job, you say? Well, let me tell you. I'm the greeter at the entrance. Whenever we have guests, I repeat the same thing: "Welcome to the village of Kolima!" Do you know how *boring* that gets? I mean, it's not like I anything better to do, sure, but at least I could get *some* other job! Who's ever heard of someone getting paid to greet travelers? ...Well, I guess I have... seeing that it's my job... oh, wait. I don't get paid. Why shouldn't I, though?! I spend *all* my free time out there, greeting people!

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That doesn't make sense. Oh, well. Where was I originally? Oh, yeah. So, I'm sitting here, minding my own business, greeting travelers at the entrance of Kolima village, and then BAM! I'm turned into a tree! Oh, sure, at first I didn't know. I was paralyzed, THEN these ...things... little specks of

pollen or something... started falling, and I got turned into a tree! And it wasn't just *my* bad luck, oh no. From where I was standing, I could see that EVERYONE had been turned into a tree! Yeah! Even that really pretty girl that I've had my eye on for quite some time. But, she's a really beautiful and delicate tree nonetheless. Sigh...

Oh, look. Travelers from the outside. I can see them walking by me. Like I'm nothing. Let's see... one's really tall and has spiky brown hair. And he carries a big blade with him. The one next to him looks like a bold knight from here, though he doesn't have that big of a blade. He has a blue cape that suits his eyes. And his hair is the color of the sun. Ah, yes, the sun... I like the sun... the rays of light help me grow, now that I'm a tree. And the water underground's delicious! ..er... ohyeah... I'm getting off track... well, what do you expect? How much of an attention span can a tree possibly have?!

Oh, there's another one with the two. He has a green cape that reminds me of the leaves and the grass. Hey, they're walking over here. Y'know, if I could talk and if I wasn't a tree, I'd probably tell them, "Welcome to Kolima!" Y'know, because that's my job. But, no. I'm stuck as a tree. I wonder how everyone else in the village is doing... I feel bad for the blacksmith. He can't even be a *tall* tree... he's stuck indoors. And, oh, what fate has cast upon the pretty girl that I adore! I wonder if she'll ever notice me... not with leaves like these, though... arg...